

MR. EIKMEIER'S SIDE.

The following letter from W. N. Eikmeier, published in the Ottawa Daily Herald of August 10th, gives his side of the story of how he exposed a fraud in a spiritualist meeting recently:

Great Bend, Kansas, August 7. Editor Herald: I see in your evening Herald an account of a story which happened to take place on the park grounds. You will please admit that at a conversation as long as this, some error will slip in. So it is with this. It says in one place, "Mr. Eikmeier grabbed an ankle." This I did not tell. I said that some man in the seance accused me of grabbing a woman, the wife of Mr. Bledsoe, in order to have an excuse for beating me, which he did, and Mr. Bledsoe broke my finger to have a keepsake from that nice visit.

The truth is I have not put my hand on any woman, as given in your Herald, and thank the Lord, I have witness that I only grabbed a piece of white muslin which laid about the foot outside the cabinet and raised from the ground to some height, and extended over the spirit which appeared.

When the spirit dropped this material this end between the curtain did not dematerialize, as being supposed. The lame man sitting at the right of Mrs. Bartelle last year at Delphos was sitting to the right again at this named seance at Ottawa park. This roused my suspicion, and I was not mistaken for he beat me as having touched the medium.

Now the main part was when fifteen or twenty materializations had taken place I was convinced that a cover of some white material was used to cover the would-be spirit. It seemed to me a sin not to investigate and so I made a dash and grabbed the white muslin, or spirit robe, which never would dematerialize. It felt solid in my hand. It made a mighty draw into the cabinet; it cracked because I did not let loose. I heard a yell and the fists of Mrs. Leeman Bledsoe were tight on my throat. I could not get my breath, so I had to free me from the awful clutches of a woman. Mrs. Bledsoe cried for help. There were too many men willing to pound me, for what I do not know. God gave me brains; I think I ought to use them. I got nearly crucified without cause. Mr. Bledsoe tried to break my nose. I held my hand against it and it broke my finger.

He told me, "What are you damned German here for? I ought to kill you."

He told me to go home and never appear again, and never say anything about his woman, or he would come to Great Bend and pound it out of me.

Now, dear reader, don't you see, all he wanted me to do was to go home and say nothing about it. The why is very easy. My dear friends and spiritualists, would any suppose that in a room of nineteen people, where the light was not so dim that we could plainly see, would any man try to touch a lady? Would I undertake to grab a trance lady! Oh, no, my brethren, this I never thought of. I came to Ottawa to learn and seek the truth.

I went to a seance for no other purpose, as seeking more light. I found that light which others could not see. Therefore I am in a condition to offer fifty dollars for any full materialization spirit form under test condition, which she will never consent to.

Now, Mrs. Bartelle here is your chance.

Now, Mr. Editor, you will please give this, my letter, a space in your Herald. Hoping to do some good with this letter and hoping to investigate again with care, I remain all peoples friend and brother—W. Eikmeier.

No Difference, Lights or no Lights.

It does not matter much to the band boys whether the electric lights are on or not while they practice. Last Monday night when a cog slipped at the plant, the boys were playing but did not stop on account of the mishap. While Epp, Chap, Bunting and Gilson dropped a few notes, the other fellows kept up the time and staid with it until they had played the piece.

A Smashed Hand.

While making a coupling in the yard at Ellinwood Monday, Ray Tullis, a Santa Fe brakeman, had his left hand caught, smashing it considerably. The chances are he will lose the third finger at the second joint. The rest of his hand will likely be saved. Thus another man will go through life with a railroad company's brand.

Card of Thanks.

On behalf of the relatives of Walter E. Burke, I desire to extend to the good people of this city their sincere thanks for the many acts and words of kindness received in their recent bereavement.

ED. L. CHAPMAN.

Miss Flora A. Smith is in Kansas City for the purpose of having her eyes treated.

Mrs. W. P. Feder and son visited Clafin relatives Sunday.

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LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

Barstow, Cal., Aug. 14, 1903.

EDITORS DEMOCRAT:

If I were to write according to my feelings I hardly think it would be readable; but as a bad beginning makes a good ending your readers and myself will feel paid for the effort to see and describe my trip to California.

From the fact of our starting behind time so much our program has been changed so that it is almost like a wheel with the tire punctured—decidedly out of fix.

We went to sleep about midnight with clouds in the sky, and at daylight woke up with the sight of Mort Fitt's herd of white faces (or some other man's) grazing contentedly on the prairie near Kendall, Kansas, looking sleek and fat. I was rather surprised to see the grass looking so good. The first sign of going backward was Coolidge, which is decidedly "on the bum," and from there on civilization and thrift declined, going from bad to worse to this point. Of course there was lots to see that interested us, from signs of farming to the cowboys and ponies, to the mining regions at Trinidad, Col. The trip up Raton Mountains, with three engines pulling and pushing 11 coaches and a baggage car, to the top, which is said to be nearly 8,000 feet above the sea level. We were all delighted with the pure, bracing mountain air and enjoyed the scenery very much.

Our first side trip was at Los Vegas, N. M. which, on account of the R. R. Co. not notifying the Trolley Co. of the time of our arrival, was not made until just about dark. We made it however, and felt paid for our trouble by seeing Hot Springs and the Montezuma Hotel, said to be a \$1,000,000 structure, by electric light. This is the place where John J. Ingalls spent the last months of his life, and seems to be an ideal place to stay if one had plenty of money and nothing to do. Las Vegas is a city of ten or twelve thousand, whites and Mexicans, who live entirely separated by a small stream and under a separate government, and in that way get along apparently very nicely. The next morning we waked at Albuquerque, where we found our friend Joe Schaeffer who showed us around for a couple of hours. We waked up the Indians who were sleeping around on platforms and on the ground, and had come down from the old town to peddle their wares of blankets, beads, pottery and other curios, to the excursionists; and some of the boys had considerable fun at their expense. Joe seems to be "strictly in it" and if Mrs. S. and Barbara were there to enjoy the delightful climate, I would think they could make a stake as well as enjoy life as well as any place on earth.

Albuquerque is a thriving R. R. city, making a rapid growth, and substantial too. From here to the top of the Continental Divide we did not see much but stony hills on each side of the valley and a stream of lava down the center which has lain there for perhaps fifty or a hundred years. In several places this lava seems to have been broken up and picked over as if someone expected to find some valuable mineral, and perhaps did.

At Laguna we stopped an hour and visited the Moque Indian village, and witnessed their dance, and pottery ovens, where they make all sorts of things useful or ornamental, but which are indeed very crude looked at from a civilized standpoint. They are a very low type of human beings, fully one-half of the children being blind or cross-eyed and the squaws very prolific. I saw one caring for four, from about three years to three weeks old, and all of them cross-eyed. I do not wonder at their looks, nor can I see why they stay unless they do not know that there is any better place for them, and I don't think there is any better place this side of there, for the whole country from there to here seems to have been just dumped "any old way" and left for the sun to dry out and the wind to blow the dirt away and leave the rocks to cover the mountains and valleys. We saw no vegetation except a few edars and lots of cactus of every kind. I helped capture a scorpion, which some lady put in a glass jar to carry home. I picked up some pieces of lava and petrified wood to bring home.

Jno. Tilton, Coulter, Churchill and myself expect to land in Frisco about 6 p. m. Saturday, just in time to see the Jeffries-Corbett mill.

GEO. W. THATCHER.

Mrs. M. Eppstein accompanied by her son, Earnest, left Tuesday morning for Champaign Illinois, having been called there by the sudden and dangerous illness of her father.

FOR SALE—One Hawkeye, 36 inch feeder, has been used only a few days. Will sell cheap. Call at The Great Bend Foundry.

John Wesley has quit the carpenter's trade, and gone to work for the Santa Fe road as a brakeman.

Sid Morrison has been confined to the house this week with a sick spell.

Rev. F. P. Jolly is home from his eastern trip.